



In the Wall



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Chapter 1 by Rainyday

It was week three of "responsible health month" at my high school. I bitterly sat in the empty classroom while all my friends were receiving this weeks cocktail of the Flu shot and the latest mmr inoculation . I could see out side to the long line of students rubbing the band-aided area of their upper arm waiting to board the buses parked in a row taking them to the local water park specially closed to all but immunized Highschoolers today. Its just one of a series of rewards my school was providing for being responsible with ours and everybody else's health and getting the appointed vaccines. And I am not invited.

I was slouched in my chair doodling on my desk when the door opened. It was Darwin my friend since the 4th grade. He see's me and gives the what's up nod casually, but he was obviously happy to find me in here as I was him. "Where the hell have you been? I thought you were only supposed to be gone a couple of days." I asked as he plopped into the desk next to mine.

Darwin shrugged his shoulders "Grandma was sicker than Mom thought, she said it might be the last time we will get to see her again and she moved our flight later in the week."

"Why are you in here though?" I asked gesturing to the vacant room in which we sat "I thought your Mom signed the form saying you could get the shots"

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waterfall slide, I don't give a shit. The chances she will lose her top are good enough they could give me 3 weeks worth of shots. You know what I'm saying?" I shook my head and laughed. "Your Mom still won't let you get the shots? Poor Witto Mikey." He asked then patted my head.

I slapped his hand away "Dick. She thinks they could harm me. She is on some kind of crusade against the 'Evil' pharmaceutical companies and the school. So I get to stay here and watch this sexy beast." I said nodding to the obese teacher sleeping with his chin tucked into his chest, Snoring into his mustache, fingers locked in front of his protruding gut. . Darwin laughed. Just then a beep rang out over the intercom startling the large man awake. A voice in the speaker spoke "Darwin Lewis please report to the nurses station. Thank you."

"Well I guess I gotta go" he said with a 'sucks to be you' look. " I will try to get some pics on my phone for you." we bumped fists and out of the class he strode. That was the last time I would ever see him smile again. By week 4 he was different somehow. They all are....

Chapter 2 by SkyGem



Unlike all those clichés you see in books, the changes didn't start off small and unnoticeable.

They happened all at once.

On Friday, everything seemed pretty normal, as far as I could tell in my little quarantine room, tucked away in a small corner of the school building.

I didn't get to see Darwin that day. Fucker was probably off at the water park again, ogling cheerleaders in their borderline-illegal bikinis that covered almost nothing while I was stuck here in hell.

Every time I remembered I still had to endure a week more of this shit, I felt like banging my head on a nearby wall.

If they at least let us keep our phones on us during school hours, this would be somewhat

bearable. But no, my phone was still in my locker, just like it always was during the school day.

But even with time moving at a snail's pace, the week was finally over, and I was free for a whole weekend.

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I usually spent Fridays with Darwin, hanging out at the mall or sneaking into clubs. This week though, he never replied when I texted to ask him what he wanted to do. That wasn't really all that unusual though, so I didn't think much about it. It's not like he was my only friend or anything.

I still regret that decision.

I think a part of me still believes that if I had just managed to meet up with him on that day, maybe I would have noticed something was up, and maybe I could have gotten some help before it was too late.

But it didn't happen.

And when I arrived at school the following Monday, ready for another boring day of doing nothing while everyone else was having the time of their lives, I almost thought I had come to the wrong place.

The entire building was dead silent.

There were students there, of course, milling around, standing at their lockers, heading to wherever they needed to be.

But not a single one of them was saying anything.

It was like someone had hit mute on a remote control or something.

"What the hell is going on?" I muttered to myself.

And then, the creepiest shit happened.

At the sound of my voice, everyone within hearing range turned to look at me in unison, and that was the first time I got a good look at anyone's faces.

I couldn't help the bloodcurdling scream that tore out of me at that moment.

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Chapter 3 by mykal

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Everything about their faces was so different, so strange, so... I can't describe the texture to them, I don't know how to explain it, but at this moment everyone's faces appear to be, well melting. But

those eyes... the eyes were absolutely terrifying. I couldn't help but look at the deep, dark, lifeless pits of black that consumed the iris's of everyone. I admit, I screamed like a girl. Once the whole group of "kids" stared through my body, I was quick to cover my mouth and stand absolutely still.

They all walked slowly to my position. One step. Two steps. Three steps.

"This is it"

I close my eyes in fear.

Silence.

Then a slight cold breath of another being chills my spine. I open my eyes to the face of nightmares. My body is frozen. Expressionless, the former stares at me. A door slams down the hall.

Immediately all the freaks turn around and start to run towards the sound of the slammed door. Even when running, they can keep complete silence. Then the obese science teacher, Mr. Bates runs around the opposite corner and grabs me by the shoulders. Even with all the fear consuming me I am still able to notice he is carrying a students backpack on him. I couldn't help it since it was a Barbie one.

"Snap out of it kid!, look we don't have much time. We are locked in here, someone set us up. Go into my homeroom and grab the beaker with the blue liquid labeled A-32 and bring it to me. Quick!"

I ran. Not to where he was telling me to go, but to the front doors. They couldn't be locked. I just walked in not too long ago. This has to be some kind of fucked up prank, and I just want to get out of here.

"Where are you going!?"

Locked. I take a deep breath and... See more of Story Wars

"Is this a prank"

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"What?"

"Is this some kind of fucked up joke?" I say with my eyes stuck on the door handle.

Then a fist strikes the back of my head.

"Get that beaker or we are both dead."

A pause

"Does that answer your question?"

I ran again, this time across a long empty hall.

It seems like ages, but i finally get to Mr. Bates room. All the halls that I ran through were empty. He is probably buying me time with all the racket he is creating. I open the door and scan all the beakers lined up behind his desk on a tall shelf. All the beakers were scrambled in random order on the shelf. C-20, C-5, B-36 etc. It would have helped if he was a more organized person. A-20, A-32. It was an abnormally large beaker, to say the least.

"Finally"

I ran with all my might back to Mr. Bates who was sweating profusely and panting, waiting for me.

"Roll it to the front door carefully" he barely said.

"great, now stand back"

At this point I heard the things running in our direction.

"Um, Mr. Bates!"

"I know, just stand behind me!"

He pulled out a lighter from his pocket and a hairspray bottle from the Barbie backpack. At this moment I realized what he was doing. He was trying to burn the things in the other side of the door too. We are stuck.

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The freaks are closing in from the behind, and there are more out on the other side of the door, possibly the whole town, the state, the country?

Anyone who had these "Vaccines" were being injected with some kind of corrupted concoction. Then that's when it hit me.

My friends, my family, my mom.

"KABOOM!"

Chapter 4 by Magic for the Damned



"Ugh..." My ears were ringing. My head hurt, and it felt dizzy from a shaking sensation.

"Kid! Kid!" My eyes flew open. Mr. Bates was shaking me, his sweat drenched face inches from mine. That and the smell instantly jolted me awake like a defibrillator paddle.

"Whew, I thought you were dead, and I would have to fight these creepy people on my own." He got up from me, and sat down a little bit away from me.

I sat up, still dazed. As I looked around I realized we were in the school cabins. They stored athletic equipment and stuff, and were separate from the main building. We were in one of the older cabins, the roof filled with cobwebs and dust.

Then the memory came back to me. The explosion. I looked at Mr. Bates with a horror in my face.

"What...What were those things? What happened to my friends?" My voice was shaking.

"I don't know exactly what it is, but it's all the work of the Syndicate. They control everything and everyone now."

"What syndicate?"

"The Syndicate of..."

Chapter 5 by thecarnedwhovian



"International Peace, You and I... See more of Story Wars... side don't!"

"Are they dead?" I gesture... was anymore.

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Mr. Bates was now up and looking around the room for something. "Your friends? No. They're dazed. They'll be knocked out for the next 24 hours. A-32 should partly reverse the affect of the 'vaccines', but it was abandoned in the testing stage, due to...problems. It was supposed to be a sort of super-antibiotic. Now...I have no clue what it is."

"But...the explosion?"

"Unfortunate effect of A-32. Extremely reactive to aerosol and carbon particulates. Provided by the lighter and the hairspray. Thank goodness they still make some of those with CFCs, or we'd be dead. Ah!" He picked up a little key, hidden near a box with end-markers in it.

"But what are they? And who's the Syndicate?"

"All in due course, kid. All in due course. Let's go." He started to move for the door, when I had had enough of his bullshit.

"No."

"No?"

"I'm not coming until you tell me what the fuck is going on here. If you won't...well good luck fighting those guys out there on your own."

Mr. Bates paused and considered it. "Fine. But we get out of this cabin first. We have what we need from here."

"Which is what?"

He held up the key. "It'll take us to more A-32. Which we take to the others."

"The others?"

"More people like us, those who haven't taken the vaccines. Every one of them has already been evacuated from the city. You can call us survivors, of what could very well be the Apocalypse."

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Chapter 6 by Rainyday

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Well by firstlight we start out by heading in a Dodge Durango with the back seat left open with a spare set of keys laying on the seat. We drove around looking for a second back

up ride for Mr. bates. Both of us were a bit anxious to get the hell out of my once quaint and reasonably safe town but I couldn't leave without checking a couple things first.

I kept the large SUV at a slow steady pace as I cruised through my peaceful suburb so as not to catch any attention from some neighbor-turned-mutant who may or may not be in their homes. This time in the morning there should be landscapers mowing peoples lawns, over weight mothers power walking while running their mouths about the most recent rumor they heard, the arrowhead water guy, or UPS driver driving and parking every 2 or 3 houses. But there was not a soul in sigh, not a car was on the street. When I stepped out of the car in my mom's driveway I noticed the silence beyond the bird's song.

Besides chirping it was peaceful but not tranquil by any means. There was something menacing about this absence of human noise pollution. It was a silence that seemed to roar in your ears DANGER...RUN! but we fought our urge to obey the silence's pleas and stealthily slipped in through the side door that really never locked right so my house keys were not necessary.

I slowly closed the door behind Mr. Bates looking up towards the second floor to see any sign of my Mother. "Mom" I called out softly as I climbed the steps. I rapped on her bedroom door before opening it. The room looks just like it does every morning after she leaves for work nothing out of place, no note. I glance over her vanity table nothing but her perfume, lipstick and hairbrush there. It shocked me and worried me that my mom wouldnt leave a note or something behind. Oh well I thought to myself. I have to stay focused. I walked into the closet and opened up my Dad's gun safe. loading his rifle and the extra ammo supply into a suitcase and slipping his 357 into my waistband. I felt better already.

Something caught my eye outside my mother's bedroom window. I walked closer squinting my eyes then froze when I was able to focus at the shape below and across the street in the middle of the neighbor's lawn was Darwin standing there staring up at me...

Chapter 7 by



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Torn, I called out softly to Mr Bates. "Er, Mr Bates? Hello? Mr Bates? Hell-"

"Yes, yes, I'm here." I released a relieved breath as the puffing, red-faced Mr Bates appeared at the door to Mom's room.

"Finally! Where were you? Have you seen Darwin? Is there anyone else? What do I do? Is there -"

"Keep your voice down and don't worry I was just checking the house. Gosh, you ask a lot of questions. And who's Darwin?"

Without a word, I pulled him to the window, shaking slightly in shock and apprehension. Slightly hidden by the curtains, I peered through the window outside and gaped, my mouth hanging open like a fish's.

"Wha- Wha- Where? What? Where's he gone?!" I cried out, panicking now.

"Shush! It's fine. Lets just get out of here if there was only one of them, before more come." Mr Bates whispered, spinning on his heel and striding out, but not before I caught a glimpse of anxiousness flash across his face.

The silence was still screaming at me, suffocating me as Mr Bates left and I stood frozen. Then I heard a slight creaking of the floorboards just where Mr Bates had left to. It was the sound of footsteps nearing, footsteps softly being placed one by one. Closer... Closer...

A figure appeared in the doorway, and I would have screamed once more, screamed at the looming figure that caused a long shadow in the setting sunlight, if it hadn't clamped a strong, rough hand over my mouth.

Then slowly, it leaned down to my ear and I squeezed my eyes shut. Then it muttered those dreaded words...

"Keep your voice down, how many times have I told you? Come on, kid, it's getting dark, we gotta get out of here..." Um, hello?

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"Yeah, yeah, sure. Come on." This time, Mr Bates kept a close eye on me as I shuffled out of the house, grabbing a few provisions along the way. Keeping our heads down, we made our way to the car and slumped down in the seats, Bates driving this time. He pulled out a map with a big, red X on it (so not obvious), placed it on the dashboard, started the engine, and slowly the car crept out of the drive and down the road.

"Ok, we're going to evacuation zone, before you start shooting those endless questions at me. That's where everyone else is - far away from the city. On the way, I'll explain everything, about the Syndicate, the vaccinations, the 'trip'. It is a pretty long drive. I've decided that tomorrow we can set off with a group to find all the A-32 as it's getting dark and it's quicker if there's a lot of people on the job. So anyway -"

He never finished his sentence. We both saw him at the same time. We both screamed at the same time. It was Darwin - splat bang in the middle of the road. Bates swerved, crashing into a gate, throwing me forward and causing him to bump his head against the wheel. Hard. The engine chugged a bit more and spluttered until it stopped.

Silence.

I was frozen for a split second before I used my aching limbs to lock the car door, shove Bates to the side and climb over him to the driver's seat (his pulse was faint but there - he'd be fine). Mind you, this took relatively long with my pounding heart, slight headache and jelly arms, all the while fearing Darwin's footsteps dragging along the concrete.

But they never came. As soon as I was settled (uncomfortably) in the driver's seat, I turned the key in the ignition and slammed my foot on the pedal. Damn you, stealth. Pulling the wheel round, I reversed and frantically legged it. As soon as I was back on the road, I drove.

And, damn, did I drive like hell.

Chapter 8 by Brent



On the drive I wonder if maybe Mr Bates had hit Darwin in his attempt to avoid him, no, maybe it was me during my frantic escape. See more of Story Wars

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By the time Mr. Bates can see the car, it's too late. If you didn't know any better, you wouldn't even know the damage that society had sustained. Anyway, the country

has always been quieter.

"Where are we?" Said Mr. Bates, rubbing the unconsciousness away from his face. Blood had dried into a dark crimson above Mr. Bates' eye.

Without waiting for an answer, fate intervened or rather... a lack of gas. Cough. Splutter. Dead silence, once again... I almost forgot what that sounded like. I was weirdly enjoying the accompanying steady rumbling of the SUV and Mr. Bates' heavy snores, stereotypical of the sweaty fat man you're picturing now.

I turned to Mr. Bates, guilty of not checking the fuel gauge sooner, "Mr. Bates, I-"

His face was pale, a stark contrast to what I was expecting.

"Mike." He quivers quietly. "Climb into the back and when I say run, you open the door and run for the trees."

I nod. Trembling, I climb into the back, readying myself to open the door. I just need to keep from shitting my pants. At this stage I haven't seen what's on the other side of the driver-side window behind me, but I'm convinced it's death.

Mr. Bates hits the horn with force, enough to jam it on. "RUN".

I yank the door handle. It's mechanics click. I run.

My footsteps on the gravel echo in the silence that otherwise ensues, then-

Laughter.

Fucking laughter.

Mr. Bates, you sly bastard. You played me like a fiddle.

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wall in the '60s that they taught us about in school, built by the German Democratic Republic.

The tall bearded man is also dressed in white, in a very minimalistic two-piece suit. His accent posh, peculiar with a patronising flair - sounding like he somehow owned the world.

"Welcome back Bates, my old friend, to the wall. I guess the vaccine worked then, yes?"

What. The. Fuck.

the end

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